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A RELIC OF 1840.

A stray copy of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, of date April 10, 1841, which has found its way to the Journal office among other relics of that period, contains the obitwary of President William Henry Harrison. The President died on the morning of April 4. and as the Post was a weekly paper, the first account appeared a week after the event, extra editions being then unthought of. Not withstanding the delay, the announcement is made in the boasting way peculiar to certain newspapers, even in this day, when they have achieved anything unusual, that the news of the calamity reached Philadelphia on the afternoon of the day it occurred. In this age, when the happenings of the globe are carried by a lightning's flash throughout the world, it is difficult to realize the disadvantages our ancestors labored under in the matter of transmitting news. This inconis made more manifest by the comment that the wife of the "venerable deceased," who was still in North Bend, O. would be greatly cast down after hearing of the "melancholy catastrophe," the assumption being that a week after the occurrence she had not learned of it.

The official report made by Mr. Harrison's physicians marks another change that has taken place since that day. It is announced in this document that the President had suf fered with pneumonia, congestion of the liver and derangement of the stomach and bowels, and a great regret is indicated in the statement that the patient's age, debility and genral prostration forbade a resort to bleeding. "Topical depletion," blistering and internal remedies took the place of the favorite method of treatment, and history is consequently not obliged to record that the ninth President, like the first, was bled to death. This med cal report, which, by the way, is signed by five doctors, and in that respect is almost up to the present stage of progress, goes out of the professional line long enough to inform the public that the President's las words, as heard by Dr. Worthington, were: Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

During the recent campaign, among the many sketches published relating to the career of "Tippecanoe," the accuracy of these last words was disputed, but this official record, made the day of his death, should settle the

It is another instance in which a newspaper disposes of a controverted point in history and rouses anew a pity for historical students whose researches extend to periods when newspapers were unknown.

MENTAL PRANKS. The human mind is a queer thing, even the editorial mind-for the editor is human, and is supposed, by himself at least, to be possessed of an intellect more or less powerful. Its queerness is shown in its occasional freaks of perverseness and intractability. For in stance, the "molder of public opinion" undertakes to set his mental organism to the task of presenting a few thoughts on timely topics to Sunday readers-seed thoughts, as the "ed ucator from the East" would call them. Or dinarily the mind responds promptly to the demands and devotes itself to the subject in hand, but now and again it suddenly refuses It declines to concentrate; it scatters. There is no lack of ideas, for ideas teem; topics of current interest crowd upon the attention, but the mind will give them but momentary consideration, for vagrant, useless fancies put them aside. There is Senator Blair's bill to do away with Sunday la bor-a measure which many good people regard as a step toward the millennium. Some reflections upon the difficulty of establishing a Puritan life by legislation in this somewhat too rapid age might be appropriate, but-it is beautiful weather for Christmas; and, by the way, holiday gifts for this and that one must be decided on-and oh, for the purse of Fortunatus, whose modern name is Vanderbilt! This suggests the propriety of Christmas sermon upon the folly of giving away more than you have at this festive season, and going "broke" for a month after; but the sermon is lost in speculations over the possible coming in of a somewhat mythical but long-looked for ship. Some serious words of advice to President-elect Harrisonhe gets so few-as to de proper method of steering between political rocks might give

breakfast-but what does Mr. Morton think of Indiana and its capital, anyway? And has be not learned that a fly is in the amber of his palace on the Hudson, and will he not want to buy and take home with him a gas-well to remedy the defect?

It is the time of year to urge the duty of remembering the poor, but for once the editorial mind turns away from this subject of its frequent meditations. For once it wants to forget the poor. It prefers to soar in heights where a light income is no hindrance to bliss. Other matters press to the front. Stanley wants to be talked about; more needs to be said on the Canadian question; the "future of Indianapolis" requires some attention; the sudden outburst of social gayeties calls for comment; various local matters need each a word. At another time able thoughts on these current topics would flow swiftly from the pen, but now they faiter. The mind that should produce them declines to be practical and instructive; it wanders off into a fairer field and builds a castle of magnificent proportions, though of frail foundation. It is a mood, a vagary, which will presently pass away and leave the mental machinery ready to resume the grinding of the daily grist

ONE would hardly expect to find one of the

most admirable and useful institutions of the see in Columbus, Miss., but it is there. Since the war some of the Southern States have made great progress in educational affairs. No doubt the colored people have made relatively greater progress than the whites, but the latter have not been idle nor stationary. The Mississippi Industrial School for Young Women is an outgrowth of this new era of progress. In former times, "before the war," such a thing as educating white girls for a useful career or for industrial work of any kind was never thought of. The suggestion would have been received with horror as a thing utterly at war with the character and position of a lady. But times change, and ideas with them. The Industrial School referred to, chartered by the Mississippi Legislature and partly supported by the State. is nothing less than a manual labor school for young women. It has handsome buildings, a good corps of teachers, and over 300 pupils engaged in learning type setting, painting and decorative art, telegraphy and type-writing. book-keeping, phonography, designing and engraving, dress-making, etc. There is also a iterary department, but the industrial department gives character to the school. A recent visitor to the school found all the departments in full operation, and large classes of intelligent young ladies studying the different branches above named. Every State in the Union ought to have such an institution, but if any other State than Mississippi has we do not

THE Century company have sent out a sheet of comments on Mr. Kennan's Siberian papers in the Century Magazine, including extracts from Russian and other European papers. They show that the articles have attracted considerable attention abroad, and are likely to do good. The following letter, written in English, by a Russian gentleman of Moscow, is an amusing example of "English as she is written" by an intelligent foreigner. He says:

"Attentively following in the Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine your travel through berian to thank you for profit and pleasure that has me produced the lecture of your excellent pages. A wish the most immediately to comnunicate to my compatriots your impression about Siberia, has me put not waiting your permission to make an extract of your article 'The Steppes of the Irtish' and to send him to the Eastern Review for the impressing. I hope that rou me pardon. I should believe me to be hapby if you wish I may communicate to you the relations of the Russian press about your artieles and your book about Siberia that then I had intended you have published or will immediately publicate."

One can see that the writer intended to speak n very friendly and complimentary terms of the Century articles, but his "guide-book's English is funny.

THE President of the Swiss Republic does not igure very prominently in European politics or social life, and his name appears so seldom in the news from abroad that it is very likely to be forgotten by the American public. In fact, it is apt to appear in the newspapers only at the time of the annual election. His personality is not a matter of interest to people in general, but there are always a few who, for purposes of their own, want to know, you know, and will write to the newspapers to learn what it takes too much time for themselves to hunt up. In a few weeks, when the date of election and name of the successful candidate have passed out of mind, several "constant readers" will address know at once the name of Switzerland's President. Heretofore, it has been the custom for an accommodating editor to search the files and furnish the information regardless of loss of time or wear and tear of temper, but henceforth the inquirer will ask in vain. If he cannot remember that the new President's name is Hammer, and that he was elected Dec. 13, the Journal will not undertake to refresh his memory on application. The "query" business must have limits, and this is one.

THE New York Medical Record gives prominence to the theory and experiments of an Italan physician, Dr. Maragliano, who proposes blood-letting as a treatment for pneumonia. His theory is that judicious blood-letting may save many lives that otherwise would be sacrificed when the heart is on the point of being overpowered by the toxic matters in the blood of the pneumonic patient. Dr. Maragliano bled twelve cases of pneumonis of average gravity, abstracting from five to ten ounces on the fourth or fifth day of the disease, the venesection being repeated once. He found that there was an improvement in the circulation, the pulse diminishing in frequency and becoming fuller, and the twelve cases all recovered. It can hardly be possible that a practice so long and widely in vogue as that of bleeding had not good foundation in nature and reason, but like many other remedies the secret of its success is n knowing when and how to use it. No doubt many a sick man has been bled to death, and others have died from want of blood-letting.

If the crop of cantaleups hereabout should be short next year it may be attributed to the lack of seed. A recent fashion in fancy work has caused such a consumption of the seed to ornament ladies' work-bags with, that seed-dealers find it difficult to supply the demand. It takes from two to three ounces of the seed to make an ordinary-sized bag, and one dealer said a few days ago that he had been selling from two to three pounds a day, and had just ordered a new supply from the East. He added, "I could have sold six bushels of little mock-orange gourds yesterday, for \$2 a bushel, if I had had them." They were wanted to decorate Japanese curtains with. Thus market gardeners get the benefit of fashions in fancy work.

THE Washington-street asphalt pavement is finished and seems to be giving universal satisfaction to man and beast. It is a pleasure to drive on such a pavement, and, no doubt, if the horses could talk they would express their approval by a unanimous yes without a single neigh. The pavement is a splendid improvement and adds greatly to the metropolitan appearance of the city, as well as the comfort of its people. But it must be added that, so far as | republic, to the post of minister resident at

ing it clean, and it is already very dirty. The beauty of an asphalt pavement is in having it kept clean. If it is to become buried in dirt we night as well have none. The Council should attend to this matter as soon as possible.

To-morrow will be John G. Whittier's birthday, and he will be eighty-one years old. He has sung for two generations and never struck a false note. Whittier was born only a few months after Fulton's first steamboat experiment. Slavery still existed in New York State. and was quietly getting a foothold in the Territory of Indiana, in spite of the Ordinance of 1787. Nearly all the developments and discoveries of modern science were undreamed of. Whittier was one of the first to begin the assault on slavery, and his caustic pen did yeoman service in the long literary crusade that preceded the clash of arms. It must be with something of a queer sensation that he reads his early poems in behalf of human rights and liberty.

PERHAPS an argument for female suffrage may be drawn from an incident of the recent municipal election in Boston. At one precinct a couple of male rowdies got into a dispute about some minor names on the list, and their profanity began to be heard in the room. A policeman instantly stepped up. He was an Irisman who had a distinct accent, and he exclaimed, "No more of that sort of talk! There's ladies here." The men dropped their voices and no more profanity was heard. The friends of female suffrage have always argued that the presence of women at the polls would tend to make elections dignified and orderly, but it might be a question how long this result would

BREAKFAST-TABLE CHAT.

THE late Col. Arthur Crooks was the architect of nearly or quite seventy churches in and around New York city. THE latest information about Patti's babits is

that she begins the day by drinking a cup of hot water with lemon juice in it. THE Emperor William has had the imperial rown of Germany so altered as to make it an exact counterpart of the one worn by Charle-

THE Russian court painter, Zicny, it is stated, is to reproduce on canvas the terrible scene of | was as the representative of the latter city the railway disaster at Borki, of which he was in the Cortes. Sagasta took part in the in-HARVARD College has had among its alumni

three Presidents of the United States, two Vicepresidents, eighteen Cabinet officers, three Speakers of the House of Representatives, and four Supreme Court Judges. THE offering of prizes for the best designs for

the Grant monument at Riverside, set American artists at work, and fifty designs have already been received. In fact, the designs are being sent in faster than the contributions. THE largest professional fee for limited service is said to have been paid to Surgeon Major

Freyer, of the Indian medical service, for treating the Nawab of Rampoor for three months' suffering from rheumatic fever. The Nawab gave him a lack of rupees, \$50,000. THERE is a bronze group of a lioness and he cubs in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, that an object of terror to every horse driven near it.

so realistic is the sculptor's work. Last week it caused six runaways, and the Park commissioners have, therefore, ordered its removal. A RECORD of service, which may be said to be unique in its way, was that of Paul Misonne. who died recently in Belgium, after having been in the employ of the coal-mining corporation of

Amercour for seventy-seven years. He was uinety years of age at the time of his death. THE International Chess Congress, which will be held in New York in April, promises to be a success. A fund of \$5,000, \$3,000 of which has been paid in, will be divided into prizes of \$1,000. \$750, \$600, \$500, \$400, \$300 and \$200, for which all the famous chess experts of the world will

THIETY-FIVE years ago, George M. Woodruff of Litchfield, Conn., cut his initials on the limb of an apple tree. They disappeared in time, but when the tree was cut down and split into firewood not long ago the initials were found four inches from the surface perfectly distinct.

OF Mr. E. H. Schermerhorn, of Newport, R. . it is related that he is worth \$20,000,000. hasn't been outside his own doors for years, and reads the English newspapers exclusively. The cause assigned for his voluntary seclusion is a disappointment in a love affair, the heroine of which, it is mentioned, has recently become widow.

THIRTY-ODD years ago there was a poor drawng-master near Frankfort, who rejoiced in the title of Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg, and in three pretty daughters. He was so poor that he could allow the girls only \$3 a month each pin-money. But the girls got there all the same," being now respectivey Empress of Russia, Princess of Wales and Duchess of Cumberland.

In his hurry to catch the train after his lectare at West Chester, Saturday evening, Sunset Cox wore off an overcoat belonging to an Englishman. The latter has written to Mr. Cox that he is willing to swap coats, but that a failure on the Congressman's part to return the peanuts in one of the pockets of his (the Engishman's) garment will compel him to bring suit for their recovery.

It is made known to an interested public that Mrs. Cleveland has a new cloak and hat. The former is a long, tightly-fitting garment of terra-cotta-colored broadclots, edged at the bottom with a band of black lamb's wool. Short double capes, edged with black cords, drape the shoulders. The hat is a square-cornered felt, in the same shade as the long ulster, and is trimused with black ribbon and a long, gracefully-curling black feather.

THERE are forty-eight national societies of women in this country, with a direct membership of 500,000 members. The largest is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with a membership of 210,000. Then follows the Missionary, the Peace, the Suffrage organizations, and philanthropic and educational societies. Twelve of these national organizations have joined with the National Council, which was formed to unite all the women societies of the Nation into one great and powerful league.

A TOUCHING incident is reported in connection with the recent wreck, near England, of the Estrella de Chile. When it was thought that the vessel was doomed, an apprentice went below in a burried manner. Afterward, when th crew took to the rigging, most of them held on with both bands, but the apprentice kept one hand to his breast. "Have you got your money there, youngster!" asked a sailor. "No:" replied the apprentice; "but I have the portraits of my lear mother and sister." It was for these he had gone below in an hour of danger.

In a recent letter from Oliver Wendell Holmes to Mrs. Ormiston Chant, the Autocrat says: "One of my earliest poems began with these two audacious lines-

I sometimes sit beneath a tree And read my own sweet songs.

I have never been ashamed of these lines. There is a delight in the impassioned description of one's feelings in the excited language of poetry which sometimes amounts to ecstasy, and to read over what we have written in these incandascent moments kindles the blood and sets the heart beating."

THE Czar has learned by the disaster which recently overtook his train that there must be something radically wrong with the management of his railroads, and he has directed his confidential equerry, Colonel Maltzoff, to make a searching examination of the principal lines in his dominions. It is said that he further required the Colonel to take a solemn oath that he would make a full and true report, no matter what he found or whom he was likely to hurt. If the Colonel keeps his word and knows his business, the Czar, from all reports, is likely to hear something that will astonish him not a

A LITTLE volume has just been issued in Paris, written by Dr. Paul Loye, in which the question of death by decapitation is discussed at length scientifically. Dr. Loye's experiments have been conducted chiefly at the expense of dogs, of which he has beheaded a great number. He has noted with great exactness all motions of the eyes, tongue, lips, ears and jaws of the animals during the first few seconds after the severance of their heads from their bodies, and has reached the conclusion that in every case death was absolutely painless. He will publish hereafter the results of similar experiments in the case of

M. CAMILLE BARRERE, who has just been appointed by M. Carnot, President of the French

Directory, and son of the Barrere who was so shamefully arrested and imprisoned by order of the late Emperor Napoleon, and on his release went to England and became French master at the Royal Military . Academy at Woolwich, where he passed many years, winning the esteem and affection of all with whom he came in contact. Of Camille's two brothers, Emile died s few years ago from the effects of what was thought to be an insignificant accident; the other, Edouard, now worthily fills at Woolwich the



PRAXEDES MATES SAGASTA,

Spanish Premier. It is fortunate for Spain that Sagasta, the leading Liberal statesman of that country, takes the lead in the councils of the Queen Regent. The reconstructed Ministry has him at the head of affairs. He has been Prime Minister several times, in 1881-83, 1885 and 1887, and now the fourth time. Sagasta was born at Torrecilla de Comeros, July 21, 1827. He was educated at the School of Engineers, Madrid, and afterward exercised his profession at Valladolid and Zamora. His first experience in statesmanship surrection of July, 1856, and was forced leave Spain. He took refuge in France. After his return to Spain, he became a professor in the School of Engineers at Madrid, and was also editor-in-chief of La Iberia, the organ of the Progressive party in Spain. He was a refugee to France the second time after the insurrection of 1866, but returned to Spain in 1868, when Isabella II, the Queen, was driven from power. Sagasta was Minister of the Interior in the first Cabinet of General Prim. At this time his views, which had been identical, or approximately so, with those of his old friend Zorilla, evidenced a somewhat conservative tendency. Named Minister of State in January 1870, he proclaimed many cities in a state siege, Barcelona among others. He pronounced for the monarchy, when, in Nevember, 1870, Prince Amadeo, of Italy, was elected King; and, Dec. 17 following, proposed the dissolution of the Cortes, after the swearing in of the new sovereign. Sagasta held the offices of Minister of State and of the Interior in the first Cabinet of Amadeo. He took a more or less leading part in public affairs up to the time when Alfonso, son of the ex-Queen Isabella, was de-clared King, but did not become an adherent of the newly established monarchy until June, 875, since when he has either been in office or n active opposition.

FROM A WOMAN'S STAND-POINT.

The Law and the Obligation to Support Chil dren-A Vital Point About Suffrage.

New York is experimenting with a law the object of which is to prevent convict labor from competing with free labor. The law provides that the convicts shall manufacture only such articles as are needed for the prisons and charitable institutions of the State, but it has no proved satisfactory. Of the 3,000 prisoners, 150 can make all the goods that are needed, placing the rest in a state of enforced idleness, both cruel and demoralizing. This is only one of the numerous experiments that have been made in this direction, and the problem relating to convict labor is as far as ever from solution. One phase of the question is decided, and that is that he must work, not only because humanity requires that he must be given employment, but alse because he has no right to eat the bread of idleness. And yet no means have been devised by which convict labor can be prevented from underselling and injuring the labor of free and honest men. Several queries suggest themselves and are put for the purpose of obtaining information. Would not the first step be to abolish the contract system; by which the contractor makes his profits literally out of flesh and blood which has been legally deprived of all power of resistance? Second, cannot the State contract for the labor of these convicts at the same scale of wages as governs the same class of work outside of the prison walls? Third. cannot a sufficient amount of the wages each convict earns be applied to defray his prison expenses and the remander be employed in the support of his family; or, if he has no one de pending upon him for maintenance, be put aside for the use of the prisoner himself when he starts out in the world again? A little capital makes a person very independent in a business way, and many a man has been returned to the penitentiary because, discouraged by repeated failures to obtain work on account of his record, he has dropped again into crime; whereas, if he had had a financial start he might

have been able to lead an honest life. These ideas are crudely expressed and subject to many modifications, but the one that needs most to be emphasized is that the criminal should not be entirely relieved from the support of his family. As conditions now exist, when the law lays hold upon a man he at once ceases to become responsible for the care of his family. If they become a charge upon the city then, because of this man's crime, the taxpayer has a double burden to carry-the criminal and those who depend upon him for support. If the family must struggle to maintain themselves, then the innocent suffer because of the guilty. This principle, or lack of principle, extends through all the gradations of crime. If a man is sent to the work-house his family receive none of the proceeds of his labor. If the city has no work-house or rock pile offender is put into iail serve out his sentence where he sure to be warmed and fed, while at the same time his guiltless family may be at the point of freezing or starvation. But a man may escape punishment for most of these offenses by paying afine. If he have the amount necessary to satisfy the requirements of the law he may go free, although this money is practically taken from the mouths and backs of wife and children. A few days ago I went to collect some rent and found the tenant almost on the verge of delirium tremens. He had his wages, \$100, in his pocket, and was getting rid of it in the saloons as fast as possible, abusing his wife fearfully in the meantime. I called a policeman and requested him to carry the man to the stationhouse, secure his money and give it to his wife to take care of. "Oh," he said, "we cannot let his wife have the money." "Why not?" I inquired. "She is a very capable woman and entirely destitute." It's against the law, he replied. "Well, what can you do? 'We can lock him up and the amount of his fine out of the money, but when we let him out we must give all the rest back to him." "That is a fice law!" I said. is contemptible, but it's the law." he answered. Thus the State neglects to see that the family is provided for by any practical legislation Another case in point is desertion. According to the statute, any man who deserts his family without cause, leaving them a charge upon the State, may be fined not less than \$10 or more

than \$100. What a consolation it would be to a deserted and poverty-stricken family to know that the husband and father had to pay a fine of from \$10 to \$100! But, as such a man generally has no ready cash, and as there is no incentive for an officer to hunt him up, and if brought back and put into prison be also would be a charge upon the State, it is not probable this law is often enforced. It should be made an object to secure such men, put them at work, and apply the proceeds to the support of their families. Men and women both should be made to understand that if they bring children into this world they must work for their main-

assistance until parents have been compelled to put forth every possible effort. The laws need revising as well as enforcing.

What peculiar ideas the newspapers, both secular and religious, entertain upon this question of woman suffrage. From an almost endless number of comments take two for instance. The Boston Congregationalist, referring just before the election to the large number of women who had registered to vote on the school ques tion, said:

The decided feeling of the great majority of those whom we meet is that this vast increase in the number of voters is likely to intensify feeling unpleasantly, with no indication thus far that the schools or teachers are to gain anything.

After the election, when it was discovered that both the schools and the teachers had made a very considerable gain, the Indianapolis Journal says:

Boston gave a Democratic majority at the November election, but when 17,000 women turned out and voted for school officers this week the entire Republican ticket was overwhelmingly successful. The moral seems obvious to the intelligent and progressive mind, but unfortunately its effect is somewhat weakened by the circumstance that Washington Territory, which elected a Democratic congressional Delegate two years ago, when women voted, this year, when the women were deprived of the glorious privi-lege, chose a Republican for the office. On the whole, the wisdom of conferring the right of suffrage upon women is still undetermined.

Of course we must make allowance for

point is this: What has the result of the election in Boston or in Washington Territory to do with deciding whether the women of the United States are entitled to representation! If it must first be ascertained whether the conferring of the suffrage upon women is to increase the Republican or the Democratic majority, then certainly we cannot criticise Congress for having kept Dakota and other Territories so long out of the Union. "Vote our way and you come in: vote their way and you stay out." Nor is the principle so vastly different which says to the Southern negro, "Vote our way and we will count your ballot; vote their way and we won't count it." Women differ as widely in their political opinions as do men, and they have never asked for suffrage on the pledge that they would vote for any particular party. There is a mistaken idea that the "suffragists" are pledged to prohibition. There is no instance on record where a recognized suffrage organization has pledged its support to the Prohibition party. Most prohibition women are in favor of equal suffrage, believing it the necessary means to accomplish their purpose, but the members of the suffrage organizations are divided among all the political parties and would vote the various tickets just as men do. There can be no question, however, but that they would be more largely influenced by the personal character of the candidates, and that the majority would rote for what they conceived to be the terests of the home and family. This is the very influence we most need in politics, to compel each party to put up its most respectable men and devote its energies toward securing purity and integrity in the administration of the government But even if the charge of the Congregationalist were true, that nothing is to be gained by the votes of women, the equity of the question is in nowise changed. Why not disfranchise the Republican voters in South Carolina and the Democratic voters in Pennsylvania? There is nothing to be gained by letting them vote. It seems impossible for the opponents of equal suffrage to consider the matter from the stand-point of abstract justice. Is it in accord with the spirit of our republican form of government that onehalf the citizens should be denied representa tion? That is all there is of it. It is not a question of how many women want to vote, or how many would vote, or what would be the result politically, but simply whether one-half the people should, without their consent, represent the other half!

The world now reads with breathless interest every bit of information concerning the elaborate preparations that are in progress for the inaugural ball. One item states that among the novelties introduced will be a battalion of women marching in the procession. Let us hope there will be a unanimous disapproval of this by press and public. Many of us longed to protest against this feature of the processions during the past campaign, but for political reasons remained silent. An intelligent woman should have too much pride to parade in honor of a country that places her, politically, on a level below foreigners, negroes and Indians; but it her patriotism can stand this humiliation she should find some other mode of expressing it. A man never appears quite so idiotic as when rigged out in gew-gaws and furbelows, and marching in a procession, and yet the "big Injun" trait of character seems to crop out i this form, an inherited fondness for war-paint feathers. Let the men enjoy monopoly of this ridiculous custom. We have nothing to gain and much to lose by adopting it. It does not follow be cause we ask the advantages which the possession of the ballot confers that we must also accept the disadvantages. Many of the labor organizations admit women, but do not require them to join the parades. Most of the lodges have a branch for women, but they do not have to put on a cocked hat, and a collar, and a sword, and an apron, and march up and down the street. Women will ultimately obtain all they ask in the way of equal industrial and political privileges, but this can be, and we most fervently trust that it will be, secured without the slightest sacrifice of dignity, modesty, or any of the beautiful attributes of womanly IDA HARPER. character. TERRE HAUTE, Ind.

FASHIONABLE FADS.

An Era of Far Farnishing—Artistic Entertainments.

pecial Correspondence Sunday Journal.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.-With the Verestchagin Russian revival has come a mania for furnishing with furs. A high novelty is an entire floor covering of white rugs, with white enameled furniture and brass ornaments, lamps, plaques and tables. "It takes one back so close to a state of nature, dont you know; it's so simple and primitive and puts one en rapport with the huntsman," says a youthful person of the female persussion, who buries her face in a Polar bear skin, hiding her hands in the sheepy fur. "Fur and animal-skin rugs are company. I couldn't sleep without I lay on one," and she tilts her blonde head with a pensive droop of her snowy lids. The silky fur of the Arctic fox is the favorite for the parlor, though goat and wolf skins may be seen thrown over couches and masking the hall settee. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid leads in fur furnishings. She has thousands of dollars in black bear, and grizzly bear, and tiver skins thrown on the marble pavements of the great hall in the Villard mansion, in which she lives and over which the members of the Architectural League were conducted some days ago. Fur carpets even are devised. Smooth fawn skins make the body with a broad border of

white lamb's wool It is a pity to put wee tots of children into mourning, but you may see them anywhere now. They toddle about the streets and tilt along the parkways, mites of six years and under, a little less cheerful than mutes, with their black badges of sorrow. Black felt hats tied with black ribbons, kilt skirts of black flannel or broadcloth, black coat, black stockings, black gloves. Poor little souls, why teach them thus early the brevity of existence? The passion for excessive mourning increases, and it needs a check as much as any one social custom. The city is assuming its normal winter condi

tion. It is tea-drenched, tea-soaked. It would not be surprising to see a tog hang over it from the steam of tea. Every woman who is any thing of a woman at all owns one of those cast iron, hooked parlor tripods which hang a tea kettle over an alcohol lamp keeping things hot for whose may drop in for a cup of an afternoon. The tea tripod is becoming as essential an article of furniture as the two and four shade lamps which stand on pedestals and confer the latest touch of elegance on the drawing-room. Two or four, milady abhors three. She thinks a threeshade lamp unlucky. Can it be that she is growing superstitious these days? Almost as universal as the tea habit is the habit of afternoons. If a woman has a house of her own, or even a flat, she sets aside one afternoon in the week for an at home to all her friends. On such occasions she makes herself pretty with her very daintiest tea gown, and of course she lights the alcohol lamp under the tea stand. Of course, too, if she has laid hands on

a novelty she brings it out then to lend eclat to her afternoon. Chinese four-foot vases for umbrella stands are the latest extravagance which one meets at teas in fashionably-furnished halls. The more socially ambitions have evenings in stead of afternoons for the greater dress possibilities and the greater convenience for catching men. The literary, dramatic, artistic and mu sical contingents are at home on Sunday, which is emphatically a day of leisure for all who work with their brains. At these semi-Bohemian and sometimes delightful gatherings one meets many of the most interesting figures of the day.

A Paradox.

There is one paradox about Halford, General Harrison's private secretary. The "half" of his GENERAL SHERMAN TALKS.

Only One Thing He Was Afraid of in Battle -The Death of Gen. McPherson.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.-Up to the time of Mrs. Sherman's death it was expected that Washington society would see much of the General during the coming winter. Both man and wife were very popular here in former years, but Washington has had very little of them re-

The General always had a good story to tell and the ladies liked to hear him talk. But as he grows older he talks less. He was quite communicative, however, when I met him the other day in New York, and as he talked of the perils of war his face and movements were full of animation, which would do credit to a young-

There is only one thing I ever feared in battle," he said, "and that is a rifle ball. You can see a shell or a cannon ball from a distance. They always give warning in some way, but a rifle ball is stealthy, and does its work in a flash,

without warning." "How about a cross-fire?" "Oh, then one has to take his chances. I have een where shells, cannon balls and bullets fell the fine sarcasm of this latter editorial, but the all about me, but was never injured. You must remember." he added smiling, "that by careful computation, it takes, on the average, a ton of lead to kill one man in battle. When we were in a building examining the wounds of Gen. Mc-Pherson, several shells and cannon balls struck it, some passing through its sides. General Mc-Pherson was one of the bravest of men and a great loss to the country. I saw him fall from his horse, and soon had him taken into the house. Wrenching off a door from the building, and placing one end on the window sill, the other end being supported by a chair, we laid his body upon it. I saw at first glance at his face the unmistakable pallor of death, and the unfailing sign in the fixed, glazed eyes and set jaws. He had then ceased to breathe, and there was no pulse or perceptive motion of the heart. We looked for the wound, and found that the ball had entered low down, above the hip, not far from the spine, a clean cut wound that a ball always makes when entering. The blood was flowing from it profusely. We then looked for the wound of exit, which is generally a ragged one, but could find none. I placed my hand on his breast and feeling carefully over the surface in the region of the heart, I finally felt something hard under the skin, and I told the surgeon I believed the bullet had lodged there. A slight incision through the skin with the surgeon's knife, and the ball dropped It had traversed diagonally entirely through his body, and must have gone directly through his heart, killing him instantly.

"Is it true, General, as I have been told in Atlants, that you entirely destroyed that city during the war! "It was not true." he replied with considerable emphasis and feeling. "I did not destroy that city, although I had it in my power to do so; but I have heard it reported many times that I did. We, of course, destroyed the railroad depot; we did this by undermining it and tearing it down, and then setting fire to the debris to get it out of the way. The confederates had buried some shells in close proximity unknown to us), which, in consequence of the fire, soon began to explode, making things very ively for a time. The Kimball House and a few other buildings were consumed in consequence. There were not, in all, more than two blocks of the city burnt." "How did the Southern soldiers compare with

those of the North!" I asked. "The Southern soldiers were brave; in that respect I think they compare favorably with our boys," he countinued. "But the majority of the common soldiers of the South in the time of the war were not as well educated as ours." "Do you not think that education makes men

more brave?" I asked. "I scarcely think so," he smilingly replied. "In fact, I am inclined to think that the less one knows the more courageous he will be, other things being equal.

Speaking of politics, the General said: General Harrison, the President elect, is one of my boys. He is a splendid man and a brave soldier. I have known him many years, and knew his father and grandfather." As I arose to go, the General said: "Let me relate to you a little espode of my famous march to the sea. One day I halted with my staff at a house on a large plantation, and asked the gray headed old planter sitting on the piazza, for drink of water. He called to some of his colored men, then slaves, and ordered a bucket of water, which was soon brought, with a gourd to drink from. While I and my officers were drinking from the goard, the planter sat and eyed us inquisitively. He, of course, knew that I was an officer, from my dress and staff, but did not know my rank of office or name.

"Hearing one of my staff address me as 'General,' he turned quickly with a look of surprise

and said: "'Are you a General?" "'Yes, sir,' was my reply.

"'What is your name? "'Sherman.'

" 'Sherman; you General Sherman?' " 'I suppose I am.' "How many men bave you got?"

"'Now, I'd just like to have you answer me one question more-Where are you going from "'Well, now, that is considerable to request

of an entire stranger, and under the circumstances.' 'But I promise to keep it a secret.' " 'Are you sure that you can keep the secre! if I impart it to you?

"'Certainly, certainly I will; on my honor a a gentleman. 'But there is a risk, you know. What if I should tell, and my intentions become publicly

known? "'I promise that I will not tell your secret to a single human being. You can trust it to me " 'You are quite sure I can trust you?"

" 'Most certainly I am, with the utmost safety, he said eagerly. "Well, then, I will tell you: I am going just where I d-n please. Good day.' "The expression of that man's face can better

be imagined than described, on his being informed of my intentions. "Well," said he in conclusion, "I have had my day, and if there is any more fighting to be done

the boys will have to do it." A. GIDDINGS PARK.

PRESIDENTIAL DOUBLES. All Presidents Have Them, and Harrison's Has Already Appeared in Washington.

Philadelphia Telegraph. Mr. Harrison's shadow has appeared! I presume every President has had his facsimile, or mimic. I can speak from personal observation for those since Lincole. those before him were certainly not less honored. To this day there are plenty of men who imitate Jackson in both dress and manner. When Grant came into the White House there appeared on the streets of Washington a man of his size and general build, with his whiskers cropped short all around his face. and a cigar in his mouth. Without being made up, he probably bore a slight resemblance to the General. Dressed like him, barbered in his style, adapting his walk, and imitating his babits, the resemblance was made startling. This man used to walk down the avenue in the morning smoking, as was Grant's custom, and he was in the hotel lobbies nearly every evening, walking about to be seen. His day work was a success, and he probably slept soundly if once or twice during the twenty-four hours be was addressed as General-with a tip of the hat. I do not know what his business was, nor whether he made any money out of his

Hayes was not a man of such characteristics as animate imitation. But he had his shadow in a long-whiskered, mild-mannered man. He had to be content with being stared at and getting a mild sort of notoriety. He had to avoid bar-rooms to keep up the resemblance, and no one ever thought of asking him to take a drink on the strength of his face. He had a thirsty existence for a hotel hanger-on.

Several men with fancied resemblance to Mr. Arthur tried to imitate him, but one only really looked like him. Next to Mr. Arthur this one was the most admired man in Washington by women. He may have been a few years younger than the President, and he was, of course, a very handsome man. On pleasant afternoons he used to stroll along the streets in the fashionable Northwest, creating quite a sensation. Before him, Garfield had an imitator who bore a striking resemblance to the original. He even had the habit of throwing his head back with a shake when he talked.

When Cleveland came in there were fac-

similes springing up in every directions, and apparently without any intention on their part to get fame as proxies. The most striking resemblence is, as has often been commented on, that between the President and Representative Cogswell. There is no pretense about that. The man who was chosen Mr. Cleveland's marshal of the District prides himself on his resemblance to the President, though it is some degrees remote. Of all the men I know who dislike Mr. Cleveland, the most violent in their antipathy are two who bear considerable resemblance to him. To me the resemblance dose not appear nearly as striking as some I have seen, but in the eyes of most people it is

paper man, who warmly detests the President for his civil-service reform. The other is Representative Mason of Illinois. Both are easily offended by reference to the likeness. The other night I was in the lobby and discovered that Mr. Harrison's double had come. He was walking back and forth through the lobby and stopping now and then to give the crowd a chance to see him. He appeared to be perfect stranger, and no one seemed to know where he came from. He did not speak to any one, but sauntered and posed, while scores of people stopped to look at him, struck by the resemblance. Many of the hungry office-seekers

were inclined to seize upon and devour him. OUR "FIRST FAMILIES."

half believed it was the President-elect, and

Visitor to Indianapolis Is Impressed with Their Number and Importance.

Letter in New York Mail and Express. When you leave the business streets you are immediately driven by your cicerone-everybody who is anybody drives in Indianapolisalong an avenue fringed with private residences. "What a bome-like city!" you exclaim involuntarily as your eye rests on handsome houses with oriel windows, smooth-shaven lawns and tastefully shampooed terraces. There are miles of such avenues. Everybody seems to own or to rent a home in Indianapolis. There are no blocks to speak of, no long rows of inhospitable-looking, straight-up-and-down bricks and brown-stones, such as sadden the eye of the homeless wanderer in New York and Brooklyn. There is no huddling together as with us; the family in the first floor turning up its nose at the family in the second, and both looking up with sublime contempt upon the tamily upon the third. In New York or Brooklyn you can tell by a glance at the faded curtains or unkempt doorstep that a house is devoted to the housing of boarders. In Indianapolis a real bona fide poarding-house looks like a moldering first family residence. There is a suggestion of home-made pies about the villas of the middle classes and the cottages of the toilers. I mention middle classes advisedly, because I have never encountered a city which boasted so many first families as Indianapolis. So far as antiquity of lineage and dignity of deportment are concerned, Indianapolis might sit for the portrait of an American Toledo, Saragossa or Madrid. First families meet you at every turn of the roads, in carriages, buggies, rockaways, on horseback or on foot. The gentiemen who did me the honor to show me the sights belongs himself to the very first families. I have reason to suspect that his family was seated in the center of the forest when the city was laid out. Riding in his company along a fashionable avenue, I observed that he bowed in a solemn and dignified manner to many persons whom we passed upon the road. "Who is that?" I inquired, as we returned the Castilian and Vandyke-colored salute of a very

"That," replied my "cicerone," "is Mr. So-ando. He lives in that fine house we just passed and belongs to one of our very oldest families. "Pardon me," I continued, "who is the lady on just bowed to?" "That was Mrs. Hardicanute. Her family is most aristocratic one.

In one hour's ride I had the honor of bowing n a sad and solemn way to a least forty personages, the antiquity of whose lineage it would have been the beight of idiocy to question The Indianapolis man, so far as I have seen im, is solemn. He has dignity to sustain, and it weighs upon his mind. There is none of the well-dressed frivelity of the giddy sothamite, or the brassy self-assurance of the Chicago man, about the Indianapolitan. The affairs of the Nation sit, upon him weightily. He does not laugh much. When he does indulge in that weakness his laugh is loud and long. When it ceases his face assumes its natural solemnity of expression. I have an idea that quinine has something to do with the characteristic male demeanor in the capital of Indiana. It may be an overpressure of religious zeal. I am not prepared to swear to it. He may have committed some terrible crime in past ages, colonized a district, or bribed a voter, or lone something dreadful of that kind. The

A Registration Scene.

affairs of state.

talents.

Waltham (Mass.) Free Press. Officer (to young lady who was seeking to be egistered)-Where were you born?

Indianapolitan is terribly in earnest, and is to

be trusted not to turn the government of this or

any other country into ridicule, or to joke upon

Young Lady-At the State prison in Charles-Officer-Indeed! Was-was your mother Young Lady-She served fourteen years at

Officer-How sad. Your name, please. Young Lady-Haynes.

Officer-Any way related to ex-Warden laynes! Young Lady-He is my father.

Officer-Oh, ah! I see; all right, Miss Haynes.

Blaine as An Editor. St. Louis Post Despatch.

The story that Mr. Blaine refused an editorial position with a salary of \$25,000 per annum and an interest in the business to accept the portfolio of Secretary of State is a reflection on the shrewdness of the Maine politician. As an editor of a great paper at \$25,000 a year he would not only have a bigger and better position than as Secretary of State, but he could have lots of fun with the poor fellow who may happen to fill that office, and could run the country in his mind, at least. But, seriously, if the paper were conducted on the basis of an independent, vigorous newspaper, Mr. Blaine could not find a more honorable and influential field for his

When He Is a Bore.

Pittsburg Dispatch. Professor Wiggins is in a hysterical condition over the impending peril of the planet Mars. The Canadian soothsayer insists that a ferocious comet is gunning for our distant friend. Still we ought not to quarrel with Wiggins so long as he keeps his eye on Mars. He only becomes a bore when he talks deliriously of dangers in

store for our terrestrial ball. What Women and Men Should Be

New York Independent. We are informed by a feminine correspondent that a woman should be amiable, benevolent, charitable, domestic, economical, forgiving, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, kind, love ing, neat, obedient, pleasant, quiet, reflecting sober, tender, urbane, virtuous, wise, exemplary, and zealous. So should a man. Why not?

Another Case of S's. The editor of a magazine published by the students of the New Jersey Normal School at

Trenton, says: "There is a little Something which some of our Subscribers forgot when Sending in their Subscriptions. Save Time and Money by Reading the Ads, Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. Those who practice economy of time should

glance through the advertising columns before starting out to make holiday purchases. It will save many hours of fruitless search. Carried Out. Philadelphia Press.

The Hartford Times observes that Mr. Cleveand is the only President "who has attempted to carry out civil-service reform." And it might

have added that he actually carried it out-on a stretcher. A Blow at the Cashiers. Atlanta Constitution.

It is thought that the movement to annex

Canada is aimed at the welfare and peace of

mind of the able American bank cashiers and presidents who are now in exile.

A Sauguinary Name. Baltimore American. One of the new favorites among povel writers a Mrs. Slaughter. She ought to be able to make her tales gory enough to suit the most sanguin-

ary reader.

An Appropriate Gift. New York World. Dr. Garceau, of Boston, has sent Mrs. Cleveand a cat. This is an appropriate gift to come from the Hub. They glorify the mews in that

One Result of the Open Winter.

Monogram stockings are all much worn now by the women. The recent sloppy weather has led to the discovery of the interesting wrinkle.

Philadelphia Inquire It is noticed that Mr. Quay "has nothing to say" about politics. And yet the Senator seems

A Silent Man.

familiar with the subject. Difficult Job for Harrison

as this has been. The Biggest Men of the Day. One of the biggest men of the day is the Bos-

The Harrison administration will find it dfficult to give the country as fine an early winter